with the police. He found, as many others have, that fame is dearly bought; and he must have occasionally looked back regretfully to his obscure, but comfortable, Stiffkey days, when he enjoyed the assured income and social position of a beneficed clergyman.

In the end, like the early Christians, he was thrown to the lions. A travelling menagerie announced as an additional attraction that the famous Rector of Stiffkey would appear with the lions in their cage. At first the lions gave no sign of resenting the Rector's presence among them, and then one day in a fit of petulance mauled him so severely that he had to be taken to hospital, where he soon died. A large crowd attended his funeral, and after he had been interred, struggled to get handfuls of the earth which had been piled on his coffin, in their eagerness pushing against one another, so that some swooned.

VI

Sex, which carried the Rev. Davidson to fame, was the commonest ingredient in curiosity's daily fodder; often enriched by violence and bloodshed, with money to sweeten it, and social position to make it fragrant. It called down from posters, sparkled when night came in innumerable coloured lights, permeated cinema darkness. Loud-speakers and gramophones roared or crooned it, books and newspapers and illustrated periodicals made it their concern. Sex was the spur that the clear spirit did raise (that last infirmity of noble flesh) to scorn delights and live laborious days.

Like gold-prospectors looking in their sieves for the minutest particle of precious ore, the faintest gleam amidst

dull mud, each day's happenings were painstakingly searched for their sex-deposit. Crime provided a rich yield, misery and despair were not to be neglected. Here a man found in pyjamas in a gas-filled room. Pyjamas entitled him to one day's fame—six lines of print between an under-secretary's speech at a prize-giving and bankruptcy proceedings. Here a woman picked up, naked, from